

JEAN ELIOT'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CAPITAL SOCIETY

White House Is Back in Society Affairs Again

THE White House is actually beginning to figure in the society columns again! First a luncheon for the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, on the eve of their departure for France. Another luncheon following an important political conference of the Democratic standard-bearers. A Cabinet meeting—well, no, of course that's not "society news," but it's only the third the President has held since he returned to the White House last autumn. The arrival of a guest, Prof. Stockton Axson, the return of Miss Margaret Wilson, who has been in New York for several months—and one may expect any Friday or Saturday now to read that "The President and Mrs. Wilson" have packed their grips and gone gayly off week-ending down the Potomac on the Mayflower.

Miss Wilson is probably only here for a few days—just to have a glimpse of her father before she starts off for her round of summer visits. She seems to be making her headquarters in New York and visiting the William Gibbs McAdams at Huntington, L. I., from time to time. But probably she'll spend some time with the Ross Davids—Mr. David is her singing teacher, and usually manages her concert tours—in Connecticut before the summer is over. That is almost always part of her summer program and usually, too, she stays for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bowes Sayre at their little cottage at "Scoutset."

Miss Wilson has done no singing since her return from her trip abroad when she gave recitals in the camps and cantonnements of the A. E. F., and it was given out in the spring that her voice had suffered from the strain. She was trying by means of rest and treatment to get it into condition again and one hopes that her efforts have met with success. However, I've not heard of her making any engagements to sing this summer.

PROFESSOR AXSON WILL MAKE EXTENDED VISIT.

Professor Axson, who is a brother of the first Mrs. Wilson, will probably be at the White House some time. He and President Wilson have long been on terms of the friendliest intimacy and the present Mrs. Wilson is very fond of him. Consequently when he was taken ill in California both of them were insistent that he come to them to be nursed back to health.

Dr. Axson is now under the care of Rear Admiral Grayson, who declares that he is suffering from a nervous



MISS ELAINE ENGLISH, Of Philadelphia, who has been a frequent—and a recent—visitor in Washington as the guest of Mrs. Harold Walker.

breakdown, the result of overwork during his eight years service as secretary of the Red Cross. Dr. Axson has been a frequent visitor at the White House and for a time when his duties kept him in Washington he had an apartment here.

Rumors still persist that "the summer White House will be established" here—"the summer White House will be established" there; but apparently the persons least concerned are the ones they concern the most. There are absolutely no signs of the President and Mrs. Wilson leaving town at all this summer, unless it is for the cruise down the Potomac already mentioned—and that again is rumor. For the present Mr. Wilson seems content to follow the prevailing campaign fashion—as set by Senator Harding—and do his campaigning

from the south portico of the White House.

For recreation there is always the nice long motor ride as far into Maryland or Virginia as the mood dictates, sometimes with no one but Mrs. Wilson—a tactful person who doesn't insist on chattering or being chattered to, but is a good listener. If he happens to want one—sometimes with one of her brothers or Dr. Grayson or Mr. Tumulty, the President's secretary, making a third. Mrs. Wilson has lately taken to driving out late in the afternoon, bareheaded, setting a pleasant and eminently sensible fashion for the women of the official set to follow.

WILSON NOW BOWS TO ADMIRING CROWDS.

There is nearly always a little group of passers-by that gathers at the gates to watch the President's motor pass through. And Mr. Wilson has gotten far enough away from his invalidism to touch his cap, and smile his acknowledgement of the greetings of these wayfarers as the big gates clang shut behind his motor.

About the most frequent comment in these little groups, after perhaps a word as to how "he" is looking, is "Well, anyhow, after the fourth of March I guess they'll open up these gates and let folks in the way they used to." It is really surprising the general resentment of the closed gates. To Washington residents it makes very little difference whether they are, or are not, permitted to use the front yard of the White House as a public park. It's an old story to them, and about the only time it really worries them is to have the big gates of the Pennsylvania avenue side of the White House grounds closed as when they have out-of-town guests who have a natural desire to get a close-up of the big house, which they, as tax-payers, are helping to provide for their Chief Executive. But even the real Washingtonians when the White House is inside and out is an old story, is irritated at the sight of those closed gates and the big policeman standing within.

They were closed that early February day of 1917 when the President was telling Congress that Germany was insisting on unrestricted submarine warfare and at the same time was handing the German ambassador his passports. Every one admitted the prudence of closing the gates at this time when feeling for the fatherland ran high and might express itself in violence, mistaken for patriotism. But after the armistice, when the city was full of war workers who might not be here long and might not come again, and wanted to see as much as they could of the country's capital while they were here—especially when the President was abroad and couldn't be annoyed, much less endangered by letting them look in—why, they have felt, perhaps audibly, aggrieved.

CLOSED GATES SYMBOL OF UNPLEASANT TIMES.

The closed gates have been to them a symbol of many unpleasant things. As one man—a returned soldier still wearing his overseas cap and several decorations, as well as wound stripes—said, apropos of this and other things, including the prohibition amendment. "It seems to me that the chief thing this war has accomplished has been to take the word 'verboten' from the south portico of the White House."

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LADY GEDDES, Wife of the British Ambassador—a photograph which was taken just before Lady Geddes sailed for England. She will be back in September, bringing her five children with her.

out of the German vocabulary and place it at the head of our own."

However, to get back. It wasn't a very full Cabinet meeting that the President had last Tuesday—but it probably served its purpose—of finding out what they thought, or as one woman expressed it, "telling them what to think." There were comparatively few of the President's official family in town. "The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall are still in the West—loafing, which Mr. Marshall claims is the Vice President's constitutional allotted occupation when Congress is not in session and he is consequently not presiding over the Senate."

Secretary Colby is here—at least he's here today and in New York or Philadelphia or Cleveland tomorrow. Anyhow, he's on his job as Secretary of State. Secretary Houston is in town very much as Secretary Colby is—only a little bit more so. For the moment, however—and this included last Tuesday—he's with Mrs. Houston and their children at their summer home at Woods Hole. He's due back the first of this week. The Attorney General is in a general way in town—although he, too, has been spending the greater part of the last week with his family and chance to be in New York attending a coal conference the day the Cabinet meeting was held. Secretary Baker, ever faithful, is sticking close to his desk. I don't believe he's had his proper thirty days' leave since he came to Washington. And Mrs. Baker is here, too, although most of her family are devoting this week-end to a motor trip to Pottstown, Pa., "returning" her aunt, Miss Ida Streper, and Miss Mary Davis, who have been visiting at Beauvoir.

The Burlesons are also here—in their rather empty house. For their daughters, except Miss Sidney Burleson, are all married and gone. And Miss Sidney is gone much of the time, although she isn't married—yet. She's now Cape May with her elder sister, Mrs. Richard Van Wyck Negley, and the Negley boys. And the Merediths—the Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Meredith—are back. They got here on Sunday and they're entertaining a little house party over this week-end, having as guests Mr. and Mrs. Earle Butler, who have been motoring through Canada; Mrs. Roy S. Ray and her daughter, Miss Margaret Ray. They are all from Des Moines. The Merediths future plans are a bit uncertain, but Mrs. Meredith rather expects to be here most of the time from now on.

This accounts for such of the Cabinet members as we are available for Cabinet meetings. Of the others, Secretaries Wilson and Alexander are at their respective homes—the one in Pennsylvania, the other in Missouri, and Daniels and Payne are on their way home from that Alaska trip, on which they started at the close of the convention. Mrs. Daniels has gone out to meet the Secretary in the Yellowstone and they are headed East by a rather circuitous route.

SECRETARY AND MRS. BAKER AT FORT MYER HORSE SHOW.

Secretary and Mrs. Baker went over to Fort Myer on Friday for the horse show there, which was perhaps the most important event of the week—socially speaking—and was undoubtedly one of the most interesting field days held in this neck of woods. It was a military meet pure and simple, so there were lots of soldiers present; General Holbrook, chief of cavalry;

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an and very charming, and she and her popular husband will be greatly missed.

MOON SHINES ON THURSDAY NIGHT DINNER AT ARTS CLUB.

The Thursday evening dinner at the Arts Club was also one of the notable events of last week. It was a heavenly night, with a great golden moon hung overhead, and the tables at which the members and their guests—seventy strong—were seated were laid out in the picturesque garden. Afterward, however, the company moved indoors into the pleasant, airy assembly room, for David Lawrence, Washington correspondent for an enormous string of newspapers, was to speak—and nobody cared to lose anything he might have to say in the strains of jazz wafted in from the picture palace next door.

Mr. Lawrence's subject was the two conventions—Republican and Democratic. And he gave some details of the inner workings of things which were both illuminating and interesting to those of us who watched the conflict from afar. He spoke very freely, with the knowledge that the club was in executive session, as it were. But I don't suppose it is betraying any confidence to quote one thing he said, the statement that at attendance at the third party convention had restored all the illusions shattered by the other two conferences. One might deplore the compromises made necessary by "practical politics," but as for "impractical politics," as displayed by the embryo third party in convention assembled—well, the less said the better. It was also amusing to hear Mr. Lawrence reply to the query, "Who'll be elected?"—of don't mind giving my views on that subject—for I've three months in which to change my mind."

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lyon, Jr., were hosts for the dinner on this occasion, and in the absence of the president of the club, George Julian Zolnay, the vice president, Dr. Mitchell Carroll, tendered the thanks of the club to the guest of honor. In addition to Dr. and Mrs. Carroll, one noted Mrs. Frederick Farrington, the Misses Julia and Aline Solomon, Mrs. E. P. Spofford, Miss Kate Critcher, Mrs. Emma Trall

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American Bar Association at its annual meeting in St. Louis on August 25.

Capt. C. J. Henry and A. P. Graves who seem to be especially attached to the person of the ambassador and live at the embassy with him, now that he is a temporary bachelor, have already started for Dark Harbor. They are making the trip by motor and are stopping for a few days with the Van Rippers in Greenwich, Conn., on the way up. (It was there that Sir Auckland made his headquarters when he went up for the races, and he saw the first races from his host's yacht, the Alacrity; the entire party—the ambassador, Mr. Van Riper, H. V. Tennant, of the embassy staff, Captain Henry and Mr. Graves—watching the second from the Lipter yacht, the Victorio.)

BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO GO TO DARK HARBOR.

The summer visitors at Dark Harbor claim that it is the most exclusive resort on the New England coast—that the blood there is as blue as the sky and the sea. The British ambassador will be established in a most delightful spot, the ambassador having leased the villa owned by George T. Rice, of Boston, a large and convenient summer home, standing on the bluff overlooking Gilkey's Harbor, and Seven Hundred Acre Island, on which is the country place of Charles Dana Gibson, artist and owner of Lila, whose wife is a sister of Lady Astor, M. P.

It was through Mrs. Gibson's enthusiastic description of her summer home and its environment that Sir Auckland became interested in Dark Harbor and decided to spend a portion of the summer here. He will play tennis, of which he is a devotee, for there are some most excellent courts among the cottages on the islands and at the Tarratine Club. He will find some beautiful athletic paths through the woods, but he will not be able to take motor cars nearer than Rockland or Camden, for an act of the legislature prohibits the use of his gasoline machines on the little island, where he will spend August.

It is probably the only town on the New England coast where this provision still persists, but neither native nor summer visitor dares to (Continued on Page Nineteen.)

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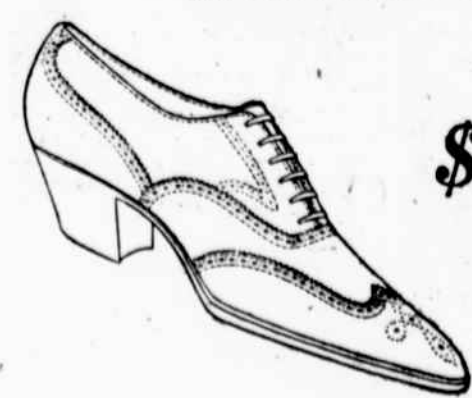
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